

the rendezvous by deathvalleyusa

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AU where Chrissy loses the bet to Billy from chapter 1 of BOA.

the rendezvous

It was all too familiar, the overgrown brush on the side of the road. The red flowers in bloom in front of the covered porch. Quiet squeaks from the slightly rusted porch swing in the side yard. Chrissy almost felt ill looking at the house.

She hated herself for being here. Hated that after going home with Mitch, all she could think of was driving to Old Cherry Street. She hated the confusion and anger that mixed in her belly, that her better judgement had been overruled by hormones. Most of all, she hated that Billy would most likely ask for that ten bucks, because a bet's a bet and she fucking lost *spectacularly* .

The window was closed, blinds down for the night. With a deep breath, she rapped a fist against the pane of glass. Another inhale settled in her lungs, held as she waited for some response. The blinds shot up. Billy was staring at her, a frown on his face while a half-smoked cigarette dangled from his lips. With a swift motion, he opened the window, leaning over his bedside table.

"The fuck are you doing here?" he asked, irritated grating his words.

"Losing a bet," she said flatly. "Help me up."

The blonde sighed through his nose, reaching out his hands to steady her as she stepped through the chipped windowsill.

"You're psychotic," he muttered, watching her pull fluffy locks from her face with a scrunchie. "You think I'm stalking you, then you tell me to stay away, and now you're the one climbing through my window. Make up your fucking mind."

She didn't bother to answer. As he blew out a puff of smoke, she pulled him down to her height, pressing her mouth to his as hard and deep as she could muster. Billy couldn't seem to resist; he returned the affection, tongue slipping into her mouth. Their kiss broke for only a moment, long enough for Billy to put out his cigarette.

It didn't take long for the buttons of shorts and jeans to be undone,

shirts slipped over heads and discarded in a heap on the floor. The familiarity of the squeak of his bed came as he pushed her, almost forcefully, onto the mattress, climbing on top. Billy busied himself with the hooks of Chrissy's bra, giving a halted moan as she slipped her hand down his erection. A small grin made it to her face, watching his concentration lapse as she gave a few strokes.

"You want it that bad, huh?" he rasped, yanking down his boxers before doing the same to her underwear. "What, did you not get any tonight?"

"I did," she murmured, giving him a few needy kisses. "I just want more."

"Greedy," he stated with a smirk. Hands scooped under her thighs, pulling her body against his. "But that's the thing about you, huh? Always want more."

"Not like you ever said no to giving it to me," she said, biting back a groan as she felt his cock glide against her slickness. Billy gave a satisfied grin.

"You can be as loud as you want, babe." His fingers teased against her clit, a wave of pleasure rolling over her as he kept at the sensitive skin. Chrissy let out a whimper, grabbing his wrist in desperation.

"But I saw Neil's truck—"

"Fuck Neil. If you wake him and Susan up, it's their problem."

He was right. Why she cared if the Hargroves heard her enjoying herself was beyond her. She didn't have to talk to any of them anymore.

A finger continued to play against her folds, juices already coating his hands as she writhed against him. It was pure torture; so close to pleasure but no relief.

"Billy," she whined, rubbing herself against his hand.

"Tell me what you want," he said simply. That face of his was gentle, his eyes sparking with a deep lit fire.

"I-I want you to eat me out."

"And?"

Chrissy bucked against his hand. "And fuck me with your fingers."

He leaned in for a kiss, slowly entering her with a single digit. She moaned into his kiss, hands gripping his shoulders for dear life as pleasure took hold. Billy gave a smirk, removing his finger to play against her slit again.

"Billy," she pleaded.

"What's the magic word?" he whispered.

"Please." Chrissy whimpered, a pathetic mess against him. "Billy, please."

"That's my girl."

With a contented sigh, Billy shifted to bring his head between her thighs. Chrissy let out a whine as he hovered his lips over her clit, blue eyes watching her every move.

"God, you're so wet already," he muttered as his fingers roamed against her slit. His index and middle fingers slid gently around either side of her clit, rubbing and pulling *just* enough to push a new wave of pleasure over her.

Chrissy felt her hips involuntarily press into his hand, legs wrapping around him as he gave a lopsided grin. His free hand wrapped around her thigh, pulling it near to the mattress to give himself some space. Before she could beg again, his tongue hit in between his fingers that splayed out her folds. The brunette gave a cry, hips rolling into him again as Billy dragged his tongue gently against her clit in dizzying circles.

She didn't know what was worse, knowing that she was so eager to have him between her legs again or his enthusiasm to do so. The fact that she had begged for his touch despite how wounded she still was. If she could just love him *less*, maybe she wouldn't be here.

There wasn't much space to ruminate. Billy's tongue had found the most sensitive spot in her core, pulling halted cry after cry from Chrissy. His own soft groans against her skin sent her further over the edge. A finger, then another, slid inside her, curling and searching for her most sensitive spots. Playing her like an instrument, coaxing a lustful melody from her as he watched. She adored watching him back, seeing bit by bit as he unraveled himself.

It didn't take long for her to rocket into a shuddering high, only to crash back into her body; back to his tongue and fingers that just barely begun to let up. Billy pulled away as Chrissy propped herself onto her elbows, then to her hands. The ache grew the longer he stayed away, her eyes locked on to his.

"Get on the sofa," she said, voice a hoarse whisper. His eyes lit up, licking his lips as he stood. To her surprise, he offered a hand, pulling Chrissy up with little effort. Chrissy leaned in, giving him a deep kiss that echoed with a soft groan from him. She could taste herself on his tongue. Billy fumbled, finding the brown couch and falling on it with a soft *thud*, bringing her with him.

Chrissy took his cock in her hand, gliding up and down with a steady, practiced hand. Billy gave an approving moan, one hand roaming to her hip while the other grasped a handful of her breast.

"Fuck, you're hot," he muttered, gripping the plushness of her hip harder as she pumped his length.

She couldn't take the aching in her core any longer, the urgent need to be filled by him despite the warnings blaring in her head. Chrissy felt almost a sense of relief as she sank down onto him, giving a few halted moans as he guided her fully down his length.

"Billy," she gasped out. "Condom."

"Really?" he said, eyebrows raising as his face went slack. "Seriously, you don't want to feel me raw right now?"

He was right. She did want to feel him, just him. Feel nothing but his cock, which was twitching inside her, waiting to resume its motion again her walls. Mostly she didn't want to deal with the mess, but the

reminder of how intimate it felt was not ideal. She tried to slide back off him, but his strength kept her sitting, nearly squirming, on his cock.

"Is it really *that* important to you?" she asked, feeling herself getting snippy.

"How about this," he said slowly, thrusting into her once more. "No condom and I won't take the ten bucks you owe me for losing our bet."

Chrissy gave a whimper before giving him a stony look. "I hate you."

"I really don't care."

Another thrust accompanied a wicked grin. Chrissy writhed, aching filling her entire body. Her whole body was alight, familiar skin against her own sparking a need to have him in her as deeply as possible.

"Fine," she gasped out, gripping his shoulder. Her fingernails dug in hard enough to make him wince a little. " *Fine*. I just need you to fuck me, I don't care."

That was all he needed to begin pounding into her without mercy. White hot energy shot from her core to every part of her body. It didn't take much for Chrissy to start unraveling in his care, halting moans spilling from her mouth. She knew it was because he had memorized her, studied over and over again how best to coax her noises out. His mouth went it's well-travelled route, stopping only for a few seconds to place a hickey at the crook of her neck. She understood exactly why; it was where work shirts could never hide it and a signal to Mitch, if she saw him again, that she had an appetite that could only seemingly be satiated by someone else.

"Billy," she moaned, breathy and painfully needy.

"You miss my cock, pretty girl?" he grunted. "You miss how good I fuck you?"

Chrissy nodded, giving a moan as she rode him, his hips rolling up against hers with furor.

"Did he make you cum?" Billy asked huskily.

"Y-Yeah." Chrissy felt him hit every inch of her as she slid up and down his length, tits bouncing enough to keep Billy's eyes flitting from them to her face.

"So why are you here?"

"Because—" Chrissy let out a groan as he held her down on his cock.
"You do it better."

It was the answer he wanted, his grip letting up as she slid up his cock again. Chrissy picked up speed again, Billy pushing her onto him with a desperate ferocity. She slowly felt herself alight, all his grunts and heavy breaths a shower of sparks against her skin. His name was a chant, an evocation on her lips of release and lust. A stroke to his ego that she had so desperately wanted to destroy hours earlier.

It felt so easy, her steady rise through the heat prickling at her core. So natural, the way she tensed around him as she came, flushed and covered in a sheen of sweat. How his fingers toyed with her clit as she rode him a little sloppier, barely giving breathing room between her last orgasm and the one queuing up inside her.

Chrissy watched as his blue eyes danced from her face to her chest, his own tell-tale expression and ragged breath signaling he was close. As she came around him again, powerful and consuming, Chrissy placed her lips to his ear, letting out a moan she knew he couldn't resist as her fist took a handful of his blonde curls.

"Christ, babe. Missed that noise," he mumbled, pounding into her with a couple final thrusts as he came, filling her as she gasped from how deep he hit. As they caught their breath, Billy's hand traveled up her back, gripping her shoulder with such desperation it made her wince.

"You should stay," he said, voice low enough she almost didn't hear him at first. "Go another round."

Chrissy said nothing. She pulled away, giving him a somber look

before lifting herself up off him. It all came rushing to her, what she had just done, as their combined fluids dripped down her thigh. She made her way to his nightstand, pulling out a few tissues to clean herself up. Billy joined her, sitting on his bed as he watched. A hand settled against her waist, thumb tracing down the groove of her hip. Chrissy flinched a little, unable to look at those blue eyes that were boring a hole into her heart.

“We can’t do this again,” Chrissy said. Her voice wasn’t as steady or firm as she had hoped.

“So, what, this was a mistake?” He reached over for his boxers, pulling them up before leaning back on his bed.

“No,” she said, pulling her t-shirt on before sitting next to him. “It wasn’t a mistake. I just... if I come here again, just tell me no, Billy. Tell me to leave.”

“You know that isn’t gonna happen, Chris,” he said quietly, grabbing a fresh cigarette from his pack.

He offered the pack to her. A pain shot through her heart, every inch of her screaming to say no. Gingerly, she took a cigarette, leaning in to let the blonde light it for her. He looked... sad. Guilty. Almost hopeful that her lit cigarette meant she would stay. For a few seconds, they sat in silence, the air heavy with smoke and unspoken words.

“I don’t hate you,” she finally said. As afraid as she was to admit it, it was freeing.

“I know.” Billy paused, taking a drag before leaning his head on her shoulder. Another pang of sadness hit her. “It’s good to hear, though.”

There was another pause between them. Chrissy found herself instinctively cupping his head, stroking the long curls against his face.

“Do you think...?” Billy started, only to trail off. Chrissy could only imagine what question had caught in his throat.

Do you think we could be friends? Do you think we could try again?

Do you think you can forgive me?

She took back her hand, watching as ashes fell to the floor.

“I don’t know.”